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THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

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KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I. PINXT.

Henry VIII and Anne Bullen.

SHAKESPEARE

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII

1911

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INTRODUCTION

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.—I formerly accepted the opinion of Spedding and other critics that the non-Fletcherian portion of *Henry VIII.* was written by Shakspere, but I now incline to the opinion of Boyle, who ascribed it to some other playwright, probably Massinger, whom the metrical evidence may suit as well. The parts ascribed to Shakspere correspond with his latest style. The frequent occurrence of the weak-ending,[1] which alone appears in any numbers in the late plays, the many run-on and extra-syllable lines, the easy conversational flow of parts of the dialogue, the difference between the rhetorical speeches here and in early historical plays, like *John*, all point, if any part of the play is Shakspere's, to his late period. While in

[1] Professor Ingram, of Trinity College, Dublin, has a paper on the weak- and light-endings in Shakspere in the *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1874. The 17 *weak-endings* are "and, as, at, but (=L. *sed*, and=*except*), by, for (*prep.* and *conj.*), from, if (except in "as if"), in, of, on, nor, or, than, that (*rel.* and *conj.*), to, with." The 54 *light-endings* are "am, are, art, be, been, but (=only), can, could, did,[1] do,[1] does,[1] doth,[1] ere, had,[1] has,[1] hath,[1] have,[1] he, how,[2] I, into, is, it, like, may, might, shall, shalt, she, should, since, so (as),[3] such (as), they, thou, though, through, till, upon, was, we, were, what,[2] when,[2] where,[2] which, while, whilst, who,[2] whom,[2] why,[2] will, would, yet (=*tamen*), you." [[1]Only when auxiliaries. [2]When not directly interrogative. [3]And *so*=if only.] Here is an extract from Professor

characters, Queen Katharine and her unjust husband are the match of Hermione and her spouse of *The Winter's Tale*. To wrench Katharine from Shakspere's last time to his early second, as Mr. Swinburne would do, is like putting autumn fruit on a tree in spring.

The only excuse for the folly of making *Henry VIII.* a Second-Period play, when the play is accepted as part Shakspere's, is the weakness of many parts of it; but it is abundantly clear that these weak passages, and the disappointing effect of the whole, are due to Fletcher,[1] and not to Shakspere, or the other playwright. The great authority on this question is my late friend, James Spedding, the able editor of *Bacon*. The suggestion of the view supported by him with so much

Ingram's table of these endings in the late plays, whose order alone they help to settle:—

	No. of light-endings.	No. of weak-endings.	No. of Verse lines in play.	Percentage of light-endings.	Percentage of weak-endings.	Percentage of both together.
Macbeth	21	2				
Timon	14	?	1112	1·26	?	?
Antony and Cleopatra	71	28	2803	2·53	1·00	3·53
Coriolanus	60	44	2563	2·34	1·71	4·05
Pericles (Shakspere part)..	20	10	719	2·78	1·39	4·17
Tempest	42	25	1460	2·88	1·71	4·59
Cymbeline	78	52	2692	2·90	1·93	4·83
Winter's Tale.. ..	57	43	1825	3·12	2·36	5·48
Two Noble Kinsmen (non-Fletcher part)	50	34	1378	3·63	2·47	6·10
Henry VIII. (Sh.'s part)..	45	37	1146	3·93	3·23	7·16

[1] Mr. Swinburne's assertion that the Fletcher part of the play containd none of that author's characteristic final treble endings was so odd a blunder—like saying that there was no *z* in the alphabet—that I supposed it was an oversight, and pointed it out, with the evidence for its correction, in *The Academy* of January 8, 1876. But as Mr. Swinburne, instead of acknowledging his blunder, defended it, and

ability was made to him by Tennyson, confirmd by Browning, and supported by such able critics as Professor Ingram and Professor Dowden. On the general question, Mr. Spedding observes:—"The effect of this play *as a whole* is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. The strongest sympathies which have been awakend in us run opposite to the course of the action. Our sympathy is for the grief and goodness of Queen Katharine, while the course of the action requires us to entertain as a theme of joy and compensatory satisfaction the coronation of Anne Bullen and the birth of her daughter; which are in fact a part of Katharine's injury, and amount to little less than the ultimate triumph of wrong. For throughout, the king's cause is not only felt by us, but represented to us, as a bad one. We *hear*, indeed, of conscientious scruples as to the legality of his first marriage;[1] but we are not made, nor

said the triple endings were double ones, I had to quote in *The Academy* of January 29, 1876, all the instances in Shakspere and Milton for the use of one he had brought forward, *ignorance;* and they of course showd that Shakspere used the word 24 times as a trisyllable to 4 times as a dissyllable, while Milton used it always as a trisyllable, and had himself by anticipation answerd Mr. Swinburne's assertion, saying, by his last use of it, that it was not a dissyllable, "Though so | esteemd | by shal | low ig | norance | ." (*Comus*, 514.) I believe that the student will be able to match, out of the Fletcher part of *Henry VIII.*, nearly every metrical characteristic of that author, of which examples are given by Darley in his Preface to Beaumont and Fletcher's Works. Instances of the heavy 11th syllable I pointed out in my first *Academy* letter. See also my later *Academy* letters, June 26, July 10, 1880, and *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1881.

[1] The length at which they are uttered, the scrupulous care taken in reiterating them and making them thoroughly understood, are enough to excite our suspicions regarding them.—M.

indeed askt, to believe that they are sincere, or to recognise in his new marriage either the hand of Providence, or the consummation of any worthy object, or the victory of any of those more common frailties of humanity with which we can sympathise. The mere caprice of passion drives the king into the commission of what seems a great iniquity; our compassion for the victim of it is elaborately excited; no attempt is made to awaken any counter-sympathy for *him*; yet his passion has its way, and is crownd with all felicity, present and to come. The effect is much like that which would have been produced by *The Winter's Tale* if Hermione had died in the fourth Act in consequence of the jealous tyranny of Leontes, and the play had ended with the coronation of a new queen and the christening of a new heir, no period of remorse intervening. It is as if Nathan's rebuke to David had ended, not with the doom of death to the child just born, but with a prophetic promise of the felicities of Solomon.

"This main defect is sufficient of itself to mar the effect of the play as a whole. But there is another, which though less vital is not less unaccountable. The greater part of the fifth Act, in which the interest ought to be gathering to a head, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no interest is reflected by what comes after. The scenes in the gallery and council-chamber, though full of life and vigour, and, in point of execution, not unworthy of Shakspere, are utterly irrelevant to the business of the play; for what have we to do with the quarrel

between Gardiner and Cranmer? Nothing in the play is explaind by it, nothing depends upon it. It is used only (so far as the argument is concernd) as a preface for introducing Cranmer as godfather to Queen Elizabeth, which might have been done as a matter of course without any preface at all. The scenes themselves are indeed both picturesque and characteristic and historical, and might probably have been introduced with excellent effect into a dramatised life of Henry VIII. But historically they do not belong to the place where they are introduced here, and poetically they have in this place no value, but the reverse.

"With the fate of Wolsey, again, in whom our second interest centres, the business of this last Act does not connect itself any more than with that of Queen Katharine. The fate of Wolsey would have made a noble subject for a tragedy in itself, and might very well have been combined with the tragedy of Katharine; but, as an introduction to the festive solemnity with which the play concludes, the one seems to be as inappropriate as the other. . . . . .

"I know no other play in Shakspere which is chargeable with a fault like this, none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. In all the historical tragedies a Providence may be seen presiding over the development of events, as just and relentless as the fate in a Greek tragedy. Even in *Henry IV.*, where the comic element predominates, we are never allowd to exult in the success of the wrong-doer, or to forget the penalties which are due

to guilt. And if it be true that in the romantic comedies our moral sense does sometimes suffer a passing shock, it is never owing to an error in the general design, but always to some incongruous circumstance in the original story which has lain in the way and not been entirely got rid of, and which after all offends us rather as an incident improbable in itself than as one for which our sympathy is unjustly demanded. The singularity of *Henry VIII.* is that, while four-fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth,—

> 'Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
> The very persons of our noble story,
> As they were living; think you see them great,
> And followed with the general throng and sweat
> Of thousand friends: then, in a moment, see
> How soon this mightiness meets misery,
> And if you can be merry then, I'll say
> A man may weep upon his wedding day —'

the remaining fifth is devoted entirely to joy and triumph, and ends with a scene of universal festivity :—

> 'This day, no man think
> 'Has business at his house, for all shall stay:
> This little one shall make it holiday.'

"Of this strange inconsistency, or at least of a certain poorness in the general effect which is amply accounted for by such inconsistency, I had for some time been vaguely conscious; and I had also heard it casually remarked by a man of first-rate judgment on such a point [Tennyson] that many passages in *Henry VIII.* were very much in the manner of *Fletcher ;*

when I happened to take up a book of extracts, and opened by chance on the following beautiful lines :—

'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon | it!
Ye have angels' fac | es, | but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now wretched la | dy?
I am the most unhappy woman liv | ing.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your for | tunes?
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pit | y,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me:—Like the lil | y,
That once was mistress of the field and flour | ish'd,
I'll hang my head and per | ish.'

"Was it possible to believe that these lines were written by Shakspere? I had often amused myself with attempting to trace the gradual change of his versification from the simple monotonous cadence of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, to the careless felicities of *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, of which it seemed as impossible to analyse the law, as not to feel the melody; but I could find no stage in that progress to which it seemed possible to refer these lines. I determined upon this to read the play through with an eye to this especial point, and see whether any solution of the mystery would present itself. The result of my examination was a clear conviction that at least two different hands had been employed in the composition of *Henry VIII.*; if not three; and that they had worked, not together, but alternately upon distinct portions of it.

"This is a conclusion which cannot of course be establisht by detacht extracts, which in questions of

style are doubtful evidence at best. The only satisfactory evidence upon which it can be determind whether a given scene was or was not by Shakspere, is to be found in the general effect produced on the mind, the ear, and the feelings by a free and broad perusal; and if any of your readers care to follow me in this inquiry, I would ask him to do as I did—that is, to read the whole play straight through, with an eye open to notice the larger differences of effect, but without staying to examine small points. The effect of my own experiment was as follows:—

"The opening of the play—the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny—seemed to have the full stamp of Shakspere, in his latest manner: the same close-packt expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated.

"In the scene in the council-chamber which follows (Act I., sc. ii.), where the characters of Katharine and

Wolsey are brought out, I found the same characteristics equally strong.

"But the instant I enterd upon the third scene, in which the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell converse, I was conscious of a total change. I felt as if I had passed suddenly out of the language of nature into the language of the stage, or of some conventional mode of conversation. The structure of the verse was quite different and full of mannerism. The expression became suddenly diffuse and languid. The wit wanted mirth and character. And all this was equally true of the supper scene which closes the first Act.

"The second Act brought me back to the tragic vein, but it was not the tragic vein of Shakspere. When I compared the eager, impetuous, and fiery language of Buckingham in the first Act with the languid and measured cadences of his farewell speech, I felt that the difference was too great to be accounted for by the mere change of situation, without supposing also a change of writers. The presence of death produces great changes in men, but no such change as we have here.

"When in like manner I compared the Henry and Wolsey of the scene which follows (Act II., sc. ii.) with the Henry and Wolsey of the council-chamber (Act I., sc. ii.), I perceived a difference scarcely less striking. The dialogue, through the whole scene, sounded still slow and artificial.

"The next scene brought another sudden change. And, as in passing from the second to the third scene of

the first Act, I had seemed to be passing all at once out of the language of nature into that of convention, so in passing from the second to the third scene of the second Act (in which Anne Bullen appears, I may say for the first time, for in the supper scene she was merely a conventional court lady without any character at all), I seemed to pass not less suddenly from convention back again into nature. And when I considered that this short and otherwise insignificant passage contains all that we ever see of Anne (for it is necessary to forget her former appearance) and yet how clearly the character comes out, how very a woman she is, and yet how distinguishable from any other individual woman, I had no difficulty in acknowledging that the sketch came from the same hand which drew Perdita.

"Next follows the famous trial-scene. And here I could as little doubt that I recognised the same hand to which we owe the trial of Hermione. When I compared the language of Henry and of Wolsey throughout this scene to the end of the Act, with their language in the council-chamber (Act I., sc. ii.), I found that it corresponded in all essential features; when I compared it with their language in the second scene of the second Act, I perceived that it was altogether different. Katharine also, as she appears in this scene, was exactly the same person as she was in the council-chamber; but when I went on to the first scene of the third Act, which represents her interview with Wolsey and Campeius, I found her as much changed as Buckingham was after his sentence, though without any alteration of circumstances to account for an alteration of

temper. Indeed the whole of this scene seemed to have all the peculiarities of Fletcher, both in conception, language, and versification, without a single feature that reminded me of Shakspere; and, since in both passages the true narrative of Cavendish is followd minutely and carefully, and both are therefore copies from the same original and in the same style of art, it was the more easy to compare them with each other.

"In the next scene (Act III., sc. ii.) I seemed again to get out of Fletcher into Shakspere; though probably not into Shakspere pure; a scene by another hand perhaps which Shakspere had only remodelled, or a scene by Shakspere which another hand had workd upon to make it fit the place. The speeches interchanged between Henry and Wolsey seemed to be entirely Shakspere's; but in the altercation between Wolsey and the lords which follows, I could recognise little or nothing of his peculiar manner, while many passages were strongly marked with the favourite Fletcherian cadence;[1] and as for the famous 'Farewell, a long farewell,' etc., though associated by means of Enfield's Speaker with my earliest notions of Shakspere, it appeared (now that my mind was open to entertain the doubt) to belong entirely and unquestionably to Fletcher.

"Of the fourth Act I did not so well know what to think. For the most part it seemed to bear evidence

[1] As, for instance:—

'Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—en | vy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgra | ces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wan | ton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ru | in!
Follow your envious courses, men of mal | ice;
You've Christian warrant for them,' &c.

of a more vigorous hand than Fletcher's, with less mannerism, especially in the description of the coronation, and the character of Wolsey; and yet it had not, to my mind, the freshness and originality of Shakspere. It was pathetic and graceful, but one could see how it was done. Katharine's last speeches, however, smacked strongly again of Fletcher. And altogether it seemed to me that if this Act had occurred in one of the plays written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction, it would probably have been thought that both of them had had a hand in it.

"The first scene of the fifth Act, and the opening of the second, I should again have confidently ascribed to Shakspere, were it not that the whole passage seemed so strangely out of place. I could only suppose (what may indeed be supposed well enough if my conjecture with regard to the authorship of the several parts be correct) that the task of putting the whole together had been left to an inferior hand; in which case I should consider this to be a genuine piece of Shakspere's work, spoiled by being introduced where it has no business. In the execution of the christening scene, on the other hand (in spite again of the earliest and strongest associations), I could see no evidence of Shakspere's hand at all; while in point of *design* it seemed inconceivable that a judgment like his could have been content with a conclusion so little in harmony with the prevailing spirit and purpose of the piece."

Mr. Spedding then dealt with the evidence of the metre of the play, and applied the extra-syllable test,

and I (in 1873) the end-stopt-line test, with the following result:—

Act.	Scene.	Lines.	Extra Syll.	Proportion.	Author.	Unstopt Line.
I.	i.	225	63	1 to 3·5	Shakspere	1 to 1·83
	ii.	215	74	,, 2·9	,,	,, 1·86
	iii. & iv.	172	100	,, 1·7	Fletcher	,, 3·84
II.	i.	164	97	,, 1·6	,,	,, 2·96
	ii.	129	77	,, 1·6	,,	,, 3·43
	iii.	107	41	,, 2·6	Shakspere	,, 2·37
	iv.	230	72	,, 3·1	,,	,, 2·13
III.	i.	166	119	,, 1·3	Fletcher	,, 4·83
	ii.	193	62	,, 3·	Shakspere	,, 2·
	iii.	257	152	,, 1·6	Fletcher	,, 3·43
IV.	i.	116	57	,, 2·	,,	,, 3·
	ii.	80	51	,, 1·5	,,	,, 4·55
	iii.	93	51	,, 1·8	,,	
V.	i.	176	68	,, 2·5	Shakspere	,, 2·28
	ii.	217	115	,, 1·3	Fletcher	,, 4·77
	iii.	(almost all prose or rough verse)			,,	,, 5·01
	iv.	87	44	,, 1·6	,,	,, 6·41

In short, the proportion of Shakspere's double endings was 1 to 3, of Fletcher's 1 to 1·7; of Shakspere's unstopt lines, 1 to 2·03, of Fletcher's 1 to 3·79, both tests making Shakspere's part of the play his latest work. Mr. Spedding's division of the play between Shakspere and Fletcher was confirmd independently by the late Mr. S. Hickson, in *Notes and Queries*, ii. 198, August 24, 1850; and by Mr. Fleay, in *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, Appendix, p. 23. These critics may be lookt on as certainly establishing the fact that two writers of very different styles composed the play, and that Fletcher was one of them. That the other was Shakspere I now (1908) doubt, nay, disbelieve. The non-Fletcher part is not up to Shakspere's level, and was, I think,

by some other man, perhaps Massinger: *see* Robert Boyle's Paper in the *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880–6; and Arthur F. Symons's Introduction to the play, *Henry-Irving Shakspere*, vol. viii.

The length to which this discussion has run prevents me from dwelling on the noble character of Katharine, who, with her pleadings for the unjustly oppresst poor, the dignity and forbearance with which she meets crushing misfortune, her forbearance to her rival, and her forgiveness to her ruffian husband is, as Mrs. Jameson says, in one sense, "the triumph of Shakspere's genius and his wisdom." Though it seems very hard to take from Shakespere Wolsey's last speeches, yet that they are Fletcher's in manner, the evidence shows, as every observer of Shakspere's latest style must admit. Those who believe that Fletcher wrote no prose, can cut the porter's scene up into rough, irregular verse, no worse than some of Fletcher's.

Munro adds: "It was during the performance of *Henry VIII.* that the Globe Theatre was burnt on June 29, 1613. Thomas Lorkins in a letter to Sir Thomas Puckering on June 30, says: 'No longer since then yesterday, while Bourbege his companie were acting at y^e^ Globe the play of Hen: 8, and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph; the fire catchd and fastened upon the thatch of y^e^ house and there burned so furiously as it consumed the whole house all in lesse then two houres (the people having enough to doe to save themselves).'[1] Howes in his continuation

[1] *Centuries of Prayse*, p. 102.

of Stow's *Annales* again mentions the fire; and John Chamberlain, in a letter dated July 8, says the theatre was destroyd in two hours, and marvels how the large audience escaped thru two small doors. The chambers referd to were bombs let off, according to stage directions, in I., iv., '*Drum and trumpet. Chambers discharged,*' to announce the approach of the troop of Strangers among whom was the king.

"Sir Henry Wotton in his account of the fire, to his nephew, July, 1613, described the play as new, entitled *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of Henry the Eighth's reign. From his description there is no doubt that *All is True* is identical with *Henry VIII.* Whence then the two titles? A reference to the Prologue shows that 'truth' was in some way supposed to be associated with the play, and it is possible that *Henry VIII., or All is True* was the original double title, from which *All is True* subsequently disappeared.

"We know for certain that the play was acted in June, 1613; and as the metrical tests show that the Shaksperean portions cannot be dated earlier than 1610, the date of 1610–12 is accepted for the composition.

"Different suggestions have been made to account for the joint authorship of the play. Spedding's theory was that Shakspere, finding his fellows of the Globe in distress for a new play to honor the marriage of Lady Elizabeth, handed to them his half-finisht MS. of a great historical drama on the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, etc. This was expanded by Fletcher into the present play as well as he was able, the original design being

beyond his powers of execution. Herford in his 'Eversley' edition, p. 157, offers a better solution. He suggests that Shakspere, whose work was not so completely rounded off as the *Tempest* Epilogue might lead us to believe, probably left on his retirement to Stratford, "some projects unfulfilld, some dramatic schemes half-wrought." Herford supposes that, among these, was *Henry VIII.*, and that, as Shakespere and others had done before him, Fletcher took up a predecessor's work and completed it for representation.

"*Henry VIII.* was first printed in the Folio, 1623, where the text is remarkably pure. The basis for the drama is Holinshed;[1] part of the Chancellor's address to Cranmer (V. ii., 10–15, p. 160) comes from Halle.[2] The historic time of the play is from June, 1520, to the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Two subsequent events, Katharine's death early in 1536, and the arraignment of Cranmer before the Council in 1544, precede the dramatic ending. Dramatically seven days are represented on the stage with indefinite intervals.[3]

"The seasons in *Henry VIII.* are not disclosed by the plant- and fruit-references."[4]

[1] *See* Boswell Stone's valuable *Shakespeare's Holinshed*, 1907, pp. 424–507.
[2] *Ib.*, p. 507.
[3] Daniel, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877–9, p. 346.
[4] Ellacombe, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880–6, p. 70.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.

Garter King-at-Arms.
DR. BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Serjeant-at-Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour.*
An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other attendants.

SCENE—Chiefly in LONDON and WESTMINSTER; once, at KIMBOLTON

PROLOGUE

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow

Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think you see them great,
And followed with the general throng and sweat

Of thousand friends: then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stayed me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;

Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement as they grew together,
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weighed
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time Pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Showed like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt; the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them, him in eye
Still him in praise; and, being present both,

'Twas said, they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,—
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:
To the disposing of it nought rebelled;
Order gave each thing view, the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together?

Nor. As you guess:
One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For, being not propped by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks súccessors their way; nor called upon
For high feats done to the Crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins

A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the King, t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable Board of Council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sickened their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man
After the hideous storm that followed, was

A thing inspired, and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flawed the league, and hath attached
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

Nor. Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and 't may be said,

It reaches far ; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where 's his examination?

1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?

Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He 's gone to the King;
I 'll follow, and outstare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I 'll to the King;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,

The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I 'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the King I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the King, our master,
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be :" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason : Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen, his aunt,—
For 't was, indeed, his colour ; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation.
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peeped harms that menaced him : he privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,—
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promised, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was asked,—but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the Emperor thus desired :
That he would please to alter the King's course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know—
As soon he shall, by me—that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable.
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON ; *a Serjeant-at-Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard*

Bran. Your office, serjeant ; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason in the name
Of our most sovereign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me ! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'T is his highness' pleasure,

You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of Heaven
Be done, in this and all things.—I obey.—
O, my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—[*To* ABERGAVENNY.] The King
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obeyed!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the Duke's cónfessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath showed him gold. My life is spanned already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—The Council-chamber

Cornets. Enter King Henry, *leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir* Thomas Lovell: *the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it.—Let be called before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen!' Enter the QUEEN, *ushered by the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit
Never name to us: you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flawed the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,

My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,—
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not 'almost appears,'—
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them, longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord Cardinal.
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,

You know no more than others : but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction !
The nature of it ? In what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction ?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience ; but am boldened
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is named, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths :
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them : their curses now

Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incenséd will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration; for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not passed me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'T is but the fate of place and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions in the fear
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimmed, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hacked,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is questioned, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the Secretary.*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound, his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,
Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravished listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he 'll carry 't so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learned lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

K. Hen. What was that Henton.

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His cónfessor: who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I replied,
Men feared the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said, 't was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk, "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature but to me
Should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued,—'Neither the King nor 's heirs,
Tell you the Duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty: the Duke
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 't was dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do. He answered, 'Tush!
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness failed,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reproved the Duke
About Sir William Bulmer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The Duke retained him his.—But on: what hence?

Surv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have played
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There 's something more would out of thee: what say'st?

Surv. After 'the Duke his father,' with 'the knife,'
He stretched him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attached;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He 's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
And springhalt reigned among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL

How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapped upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is 't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travelled gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 't is there: now, I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,

With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laughed at.

Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they 're going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the Cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 't is true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.
Cham. No doubt, he 's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord,—has wherewithal; in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Presence-chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN, *and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and Sir* THOMAS LOVELL

O, my lord, you are tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Seats himself between* Anne Bullen *and another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry:—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet. Chambers discharged.*

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Enter a Servant

Cham. How now? what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem; they 've left their barge, and landed,

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain. All rise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet, but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; once more,
I shower a welcome on ye:—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, *and others, as Masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him*

A noble company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they prayed
To tell your grace:—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and, under your fair conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen. The* KING *takes* ANNE BULLEN.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched: O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then,—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. [*Unmasking.*] Ye have found him, Cardinal.
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford; one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let 's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I.—Westminster. A Street

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O,—God save you.
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happened.
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon 't.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how passed it?
1 *Gent.* I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desired
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirred
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'T is likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then Deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return

No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,—whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy,—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir
And see the noble ruined man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people, &c*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, Heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done upon the premises but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows,—whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,—
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no
black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace:
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and
prayers
Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your
grace;
Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming; see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most:
A most unnatural and faithless service.
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt Duke and Train.*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the Duke be guiltless,
'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be?—You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Katharine?
1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, possessed him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived and lately,
As all think, for this business.
1 *Gent.* 'T is the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purposed.
2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The Cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'T is woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter

Cham. 'My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me, with this reason,—his master would be served before a subject, if not before the King; which stopped our mouths, sir.' I fear, he will, indeed; well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the King employed?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so.
This is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. 'Pray God, he do: he 'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for now he has cracked the league
Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great-nephew,
He dives into the King's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King :—and is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'T is most true
These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashioned
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there 's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the King please : his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they 're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.—
My lord, you 'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The King hath sent me otherwhere: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

NORFOLK *opens a folding door. The* KING *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively*

Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? Ha!

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? Ha!

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? Ha!—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS

Who's there!—My good lord Cardinal? O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King.—[*To* CAMPEIUS.] You're welcome,
Most learned Reverend Sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—[*To* WOLSEY.] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.—
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. [*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.] We are busy. Go!

Nor. [*Aside to* SUFFOLK.] This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. [*Aside to* NORFOLK.] Not to speak of.
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to* SUFFOLK.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to* NORFOLK.] I another.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wished for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand

I tender my commission, by whose virtue—
The court of Rome commanding—you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are joined with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where 's Gardiner?—

Wol. I know, your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allowed freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else.—Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY *with* GARDINER

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*—

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him,
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,
That he ran mad, and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.—
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the Queen. [*Exit* GARDINER.—

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnished:—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O! 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the QUEEN'S Apartments

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an Old Lady*

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing,—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in majesty and pomp, the which
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a Duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little:
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'longed
No more to the Crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain

Cham. Good morrow, ladies; what were it worth to know
The secret of your conference ?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women ; there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, Amen !
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,

Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all, is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed; nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.—[*Aside.*] I have perused her well:
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—[*To her.*] I'll to the King,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honoured lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,

Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, fie, fie, upon
This compelled fortune! have your mouth filled up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year,—for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Duchess:—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Hall in Blackfriars

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph: *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat: then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great Silver Pillars: after them, side by side, the two Cardinals. Two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The* King *takes place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The* Queen *takes place at some*

distance from the KING. *The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage*

Wol. Whilst our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allowed;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be 't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the Court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the Court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,

And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
A year before : it is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled.

Wol. You have here, lady,—
And of your choice—these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,

That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the King.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this Royal Session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dreamed so, certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul

Refuse, you for my judge, whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The King is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech

You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouthed;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the* KING, *and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it: 't is not well.
She 's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the Court.

Griffith. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are called, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIFFITH, *and her other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The Queen of earthly Queens. She 's noble born;
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, for where I am robbed and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. You are excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wished the sleeping of this business; never
Desired it to be stirred; but oft have hindered, oft,
The passages made toward it.—On my honour,
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this point

And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't:
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then, mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to 't.
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he—
I mean, the bishop—did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, entered me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng,
And pressed in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had

Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead, for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had aired them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me. Then follows, that
I weighed the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learned. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleased yourself to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our Queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragoned o' the world.

Cam So please your highness,
The Queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this Court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion

Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his Holiness.

K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I may perceive,
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learned and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the Court:
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—London. The Palace at Bridewell
A Room in the QUEEN'S Apartment

The QUEEN, *and her Women, at Work*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:

To his music plants, and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman

Q. Kath. How now?
Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They willed me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife:
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy
Above a number,—if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have lived in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious ;
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed —
And service to his Majesty and you—
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honoured madam,
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Both of his truth and him, which was too far,—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside.*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth; my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He 's loving, and most gracious. 'T will be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.

Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warned ye:
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, he has banished me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? loved him next Heaven? obeyed him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers, to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
[*To her Women.*] Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly.
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his Majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me; she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the KING'S Apartment

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them : if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemned gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
What we can do to him,—though now the time
Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot

Bar his access to the King, never attempt
Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how? how?

Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did entreat His Holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive,

My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have 't.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My Amen to 't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the King

Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no:
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cried, 'Ha!' at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, 'Ha!' louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is returned in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be published, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be called Queen, but Princess Dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain

In the King's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'T is so.
The Cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL

Nor. Observe, observe; he 's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

Wol. Looked he o' th' inside of the papers?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he viewed,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.—

[*Exit* CROMWELL.

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French King's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There 's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we 'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke !—

Nor. He 's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !—

Wol. The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawled into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He 's vexed at something.

Suf. I would, 't were something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart !

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule ; and* LOVELL

Suf. The King, the King !

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the Cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight,
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be :
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required ; and wot you what I found

There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It 's Heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span

To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying!

K. Hen. 'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employed you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside.*] What should this mean?

Sur. [*Aside, to the others.*] The Lord increase this business!

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Showered on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to Heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answered;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it

Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has opened bounty to you,
My heart dropped love, my power rained honour, more
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever laboured
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this:

[*Giving him papers.*

And, after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit* KING, *frowning upon the Cardinal. The Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reaped it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes: so looks the chaféd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so:
This paper has undone me!—'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King?—Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly;—yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again.—What 's this?—To the Pope!
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his Holiness.—Nay then, farewell!

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands you
To render up the Great Seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—
I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You 've Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King—
Mine, and your master—with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents:—now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou 'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet Sin, robbed this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals—
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together—
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me Deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the King, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
him,
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lords, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst
feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.
Wol. All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the Pope, against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My Lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues—
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry 'guilty,' Cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than my head.—
Have at you.
First, that without the King's assent or knowledge
You wrought to be a Legate; by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the Great Seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamped on the King's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the King's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *and stands amazed*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well.
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour.
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!—
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down.
O Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance
thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King,
And—pr'ythee lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the King's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of Court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I.—A Street in Westminster

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting

1 *Gent.* You 're well met once again.

2 *Gent.* So are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'T is very true: but that time offered sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'T is well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater;
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High-Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,

The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appeared not:
And, to be short, for not-appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!—[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

A lively flourish of trumpets

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.*
3. *Choristers, singing.* [*Music.*
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then,*

Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.

5. *Marquess* DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the Earl of* SURREY, *bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*

6. *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High-Steward. With him, the Duke of* NORFOLK, *with the rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*

7. *A Canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the* QUEEN *in her robe, in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of* LONDON *and* WINCHESTER.

8. *The old Duchess of* NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* QUEEN'S *train.*

9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—

Who 's that, that bears the Sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'T is the same: High-Steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* [*Looking on the* QUEEN.] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed:

And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the Abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But what followed?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneeled and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which performed, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again

To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that 's past;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'T is now the King's, and called White Hall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 't is so lately altered, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend Bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
Newly preferred from the King's Secretary;
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there 's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the King, and truly
A worthy friend.—The King

Has made him master of the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the Privy-Council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the Court, there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Kimbolton

Enter Katharine, *Dowager, sick; led between* Griffith *and* Patience

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepped before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodged in the Abbey, where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him:
To whom he gave these words,—'O father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,—
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;

Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith

Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn Music.*

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,

For fear we wake her :—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces ; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which the other four make reverent curtsies : then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order : at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to Heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is altered on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy colour? Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger

Mess. An 't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the King to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are altered strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,

The King's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banished the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If Heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say to him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I blessed him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—London. A Gallery in the Palace

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of* WINCHESTER, *a Paye with a torch before him, met by Sir* THOMAS LOVELL

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir Thomas:
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk—
As they say spirits do—at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen 's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and feared,
She 'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubbed up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remarked i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he 's made Master
O' the Rolls, and the King's Secretary ; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The Archbishop
Is the King's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,—
Sir, I may tell it you, I think,—I have
Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they moved
Have broken with the King; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him ; hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board

He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* GARDINER *and Page.*

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* KING *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night :
My mind 's not on 't ; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who returned her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou ? Ha !
To pray for her ? What ! is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'T is midnight, Charles:
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'T is true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. [*Exit* DENNY.

Lov. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the
Bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY *with* CRANMER

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.
What !— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.

Cran. I am fearful :—wherefore frowns he thus?
'T is his aspéct of terror : all 's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord ? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being considered,
Have moved us and our Council, that you shall
This morning come before us : where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let 's walk. Now, by my halidom,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:

If they shall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjured witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here He lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God, and your Majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;

They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps:
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* CRANMER.
—He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I 'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person

Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen delivered?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen. [*Exit.*

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-chamber

Enter CRANMER; *Servants, Door-keeper, &c., attending*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the Council prayed me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be called for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'T is Butts,
The King's physician. As he passed along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.

'Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING *and* BUTTS, *at a window above*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'T is he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'T is well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them—
At least good manners—as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Council-chamber

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, *Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord Chamberlain,* GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of* CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side,* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as Secretary*

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord Archbishop,
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER *approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good lord Archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemeaned yourself, and not a little,
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,—
For so we are informed,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reformed, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state; as, of late days, our neighbours
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have laboured,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living—
I speak it with a single heart, my lords—
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.
'Pray Heaven, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.
Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end:
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord:—it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner,
There to remain till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Chan. This is the King's ring.
Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.
Suf. 'T is the right ring, by Heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vexed?
Chan. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
'Would I were fairly out on 't!
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now, have at ye!

Enter the KING, *frowning on them; he takes his seat*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour: and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
[*To* CRANMER.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my Council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Councillor to try him,
Not as a groom. There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather—
If there be faith in men—meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be god-father, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons. You shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk,
And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—The Palace Yard

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the Court for Paris-garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master Porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue!—Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible,
Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hanged?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—

You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow them down before me; but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose: all that stand

about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out: Clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broom-staff to me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still, too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:
There is a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Ye are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie, baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening.

Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll pick you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The Palace

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk, *with his marshal's staff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* Norfolk, *god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of* Dorset, *the other god-mother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING *and Train*

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace and the good Queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord Archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* KING *kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: Truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved, and feared: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir

As great in admiration as herself:
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die—
She must, the saints must have her;—yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord Archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man : never, before
This happy child, did I get anything.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding :
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords :
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
'Has business at his house, for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 't is clear,
They 'll say, 't is naught : others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry,—'That 's witty !'

Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we showed 'em. If they smile,
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

NOTES

Prol. p. 26. **Their shilling.**—The usual price for a seat on the stage, the favourite place in the theatre of Shakspere's day.

Prol. p. 26. **A long motley coat.**—The regulation attire of the professional Fool included a long motley coat with yellow facings.

Prol. p. 26. **To rank our chosen truth, &c.**—'To place our truthful representation on a footing with such a pageant as comprises buffoons and mock battles,—besides belieing our own intelligence, and destroying our reputation for truthfulness in our representations, would leave us not one intelligent friend.'

I. i. p. 27. **Those suns of glory.**—The two kings, Henry VIII. of England and Francis I. of France.

I. i. p. 27. **The vale of Andren.**—The valley of Ardren, which lies between Guynes (then in possession of the English) and Arde in Picardy, was the scene of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.'

I. i. p. 28. **Became the next day's master.**—Transmitted its accumulated triumphs to the succeeding day.

I. i. p. 28. **Their very labour was to them as a painting.**—Their exertion served but to 'paint' their faces with a glow of colour.

I. i. p. 29. **Bevis.**—Sir Bevis of Hampton, created a knight by William the Conqueror; a Saxon hero around whom legends of incredible exploits had been woven in the famous Middle-English romance named after him; his victory over the giant Ascapar is referred to in *The Contention.*

I. i. p. 29. **Promises no element.**—Gives no expectation of any concern.

I. i. p. 31. **His own letter . . . . must fetch him in he papers.**—The summons contained in his own letter, issued without the concurrence of the council, must suffice to call in the man whom he 'papers,' or sets down in his list.

I. i. p. 31. **Minister communication of a most poor issue.**—Bring about a conference that has served practically no purpose.

I. i. p. 31. **The hideous storm.**—Holinshed records this incident: "Mondaie the xviii of June was such a hideous storme of winde and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene the princes."

I. i. p. 32. **The sudden breach on't.**—The *breach* actually took place in March, 1522, nearly two years later, when all English goods at Bordeaux were seized by Francis' orders.

I. i. p. 32. **The ambassador is silenced.**—The French ambassador at the English Court was "commanded to keep his house [in silence]" (Hall's *Chronicle*).

I. i. p. 35. **Like a glass**—*i.e.* beautiful and fragile.

I. i. p. 36. **Charles the Emperor.**—Charles V., Emperor of Germany. He was son to Joanna of Castille (who was the second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain); therefore he was nephew to Henry VIII.'s queen, Catherine of Arragon, youngest daughter of the Spanish monarchs. According to Holinshed, the visit took place in May, 1520, a fortnight before the meeting of Henry and Francis.

I. i. p. 39. **I am the shadow, &c.**—Referring both to the shadow itself and to the darkness of the shadow's area as compared with the surrounding light. 'And even my shadowy figure this cloud of misfortune assumes by coming between me and my sun of prosperity.'

I. ii. p. 41. **Breaks the sides of loyalty.**—Passes the limits of loyalty.

I. ii. p. 45. **Enter Surveyor.**—Charles Knyvett, grandson of Humphrey Stafford, first Duke of Buckingham, and cousin to the Duke of the play. Shakspere has closely followed Holinshed in the account of Knyvett's evidence given to the king after his dismissal from Buckingham's service.

I. ii. p. 46. **Nicholas Henton.**—Nicholas Hopkins, "a monk of an house of the Chartreux order beside Bristow [Bristol], called Henton" (Holinshed).

I. ii. p. 49. **Made suit to come in's presence.**—Holinshed, recording Buckingham's suit for a final interview, says: "Whether it were to sue for pardon, or whether he, being brought to his presence, would have sticked him with a dagger, as men thought he sore desired."

I. iii. p. 53. **My barge stays.**—This scene and the two preceding take place in the king's palace at Bridewell, whence the Chamberlain is going by water to York Place, then Cardinal Wolsey's residence in Whitehall.

I. iii. p. 54. **As, first, good company, &c.**—In the first place, apart from the special entertainment to follow when the '*good company, good wine, and good welcome*' have made '*good people*' of you. This, the text of Folios 1, 2, and 3, is well supported by Cavendish's account of the banquet in his *Life of Wolsey*, and is far preferable to Theobald's emendation, "*As first-good company*," or Halliwell's "*As far as good company.*" Cavendish says there were to follow "all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent fine voices, both of men and children," and speaks further of dancing, and masking diversions, among which latter it was believed the king would take part, arriving ostensibly as an unexpected guest.

I. iv. p. 57. **Chambers discharged.**—It was this discharge of '*chambers*' (cannon) that caused the fire by which the first Globe Theatre was destroyed in 1613.

II. i. p. 63. **Was either pitied in him or forgotten.** —Aroused either mere ineffectual pity, or was unheedingly forgotten as soon as uttered.

II. i. p. 63. **Kildare's attainder.**—Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, Deputy of Ireland, had been recalled from that office in 1520.

II. i. p. 63. **Earl Surrey . . . . lest he should help his father.**—Surrey had married Buckingham's daughter, Katharine.

II. i. p. 66. **Edward Bohun.**—The duke's name was Stafford, but he affected the surname of Bohun because he was Lord High Constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford.

II. i. p. 67. **I now seal it.**—I now set upon my truth the seal of my life-blood.

II. i. p. 70. **Suffolk.**—Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, one of the most accomplished noblemen of his time. He married Mary, youngest sister of Henry VIII. and widow of Louis XII. of France.

II. ii. p. 72. **The French king's sister.**—Margaret, Duchess of Alençon. Holinshed gives credence to the tradition that Wolsey plotted to bring about this marriage; but Campeggio's visit, in 1528, occurred about two years after Margaret became queen to Henry of Navarre.

II. ii. p. 77. **Kept him a foreign man still.**—Employed him continually on foreign embassies. Holinshed records the circumstance: —

> "Aboute this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentymes not much necessarie, by the cardinalles appointment, at length he toke such greefe therewith that he fell out of his right wittes."

II. iii. p. 81. **Little England.**—Pembrokeshire, 'little England beyond Wales,' possibly alluding to the title, Marchioness of Pembroke, about to be conferred upon Anne Bullen.

II. iii. p. 83. **Pat betwixt too early and too late, &c.**—Just in the nick of time for the presentation of my petition.

II. iii. p. 83. **For all the mud in Egypt.**—For all the land fertilised by the overflow of the Nile.

II. iv. p. 84. **Two great Silver Pillars.**—The insignia of a cardinal. [Stage direction.]

II. iv. p. 88. **That longer you desire the Court.**—'That you should desire the Court to delay its proceedings.'

II. iv. p. 89. **I am not of your wrong.**—I am not unaffected by your slander, though innocent of the specific charge.

II. iv. p. 90. **Unthink your speaking.**—Relinquish the opinions you have uttered.

II. iv. p. 93. **The Bishop of Bayonne.**—It should be the Bishop of Tarbes; the error is Holinshed's.

II. iv. p. 93. **The Duke of Orleans.**—He was the second son of King Francis I. of France.

II. iv. p. 95. **Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't, &c.**—Involving such grave, momentous possibilities and dreadful consequences.

II. iv. p. 96. **Cranmer, pr'ythee, return.**—The king, in his musings, apostrophises Cranmer; the prelate was absent on an embassy. (*Cf.* III. ii. p. 109.)

III. i. p. 96. **The Queen, ... at work.**—Cavendish, who was present at this interview, records that Queen Katharine, on being informed that the Cardinals were come to visit her, "rose up having a skein of red silke about her neck, being at work with her maidens."

III. i. p. 98. **That way I am a wife in.**—'Concerning my conduct as a wife.'

III. i. p. 98. **Tanta est erga, &c.**—So great is the integrity of our purpose towards you, serene princess.

III. i. p. 101. **Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, and live a subject ?**—'Though he be grown so regardless of self-interest as to dare to be honest, living under the rule of King Henry.'

III. i. p. 104. **For goodness' sake.**—A solemn conjuration in Elizabethan days, equivalent to 'For God's sake.'

III. ii. p. 109. **He is returned in his opinions.**—He has sent in advance the opinions he has elicited.

III. ii. p. 116. **That am, have, and will be, &c.**—The numerous emendations proposed for this passage, the chief purport of which is to render the speech a consistent sequence of thought, are made without due regard for Wolsey's growing agitation. The speech, with all its broken sentences, is probably correct as it stands, and such alterations necessarily lessen the dramatic effect.

III. ii. p. 117. **This paper has undone me. 'T is the account, &c.**—Shakspere here ascribes Wolsey's fall to an inadvertence similar to that through which, according to Holinshed, the Bishop of Durham suffered disgrace in 1523 at the instigation of the Cardinal.

III. ii. p. 118. **The Earl of Surrey.**—The dramatist apparently confuses the Earl of Surrey, who had married Buckingham's daughter Katharine, and succeeded Kildare as Deputy of Ireland in 1520 (*see* II., i., p. 63 and Note), with the Earl of Surrey properly belonging to this scene,—the son of the third duke. The former Surrey became Duke of Norfolk in 1524 and appears here under his new title.

III. ii. p. 118. **Asher House**—*i.e. Esher* House in Surrey, near Hampton Court. The house was the property of the bishopric of Winchester, to which Wolsey had succeeded in 1528.

III. ii. p. 120. **Dare us with his cap like larks.**—In allusion to the Cardinal's scarlet cap, and to the practice of 'daring' larks by small mirrors on a piece of scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of the birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

III. ii. p. 122. **Ego et Rex meus.**—Holinshed, from whom the incident is taken, does not make the real point clear; the offence was rather the claim of *equality* with the king contained in the words 'I and my king.'

III. ii. p. 122. **Cassado.**—The name so given by Hall and Holinshed should be *Cassalis*. Sir Gregory Cassalis was one of the ambassadors at the Court of Rome.

III. ii. p. 123. **Chattels.**—Theobald's emendation of the Folio *'Castles'*; the word *chattels* actually occurs in the writ.

III. ii. p. 123. **Out of the king's protection.**—Outlawry, and the complete confiscation of all property, was the legal penalty set down in the writ of *præmunire*.

III. ii. p. 126. **May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em.**—The Lord Chancellor was officially the general guardian of orphans.

IV. i. p. 132. **Garter in his coat of arms.**—Garter king-at-arms in his coat of office emblazoned with the royal arms.

IV. i. p. 132. **Collars of SS.**—Pieces of cloth in the shape of the letter S.

IV. i. p. 132. **Four of the Cinque-ports.**—Four of the barons of the Cinque-ports. The five ports were Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich.

IV. ii. p. 140. **Twins of learning . . . . Ipswich and Oxford.**—Wolsey's College at Ipswich, and Christ Church at Oxford. Holinshed notes that Ipswich College was "overthrown with his fall." The school was closed, and to-day nothing but a gateway remains.

V. i. p. 149. **In the gap and trade of more preferments.**—In the beaten track along which preferment must necessarily come.

V. i. p. 153. **A brother of us.**—A member of our Privy Council.

V. iii. p. 160. **Pace in their hands.**—Put through their paces by leading with bridle only.

V. iii. p. 161. **Upper Germany.**—Alluding to the peasant insurrection in Saxony, led by Thomas Münzer, in 1525.

V. iii. p. 168. **Spare your spoons**—*i.e.* 'Apostle spoons,' presented by the sponsors at baptism. They were commonly carved on the handles with figures of the apostles.

V. iv. p. 169. **May-day morning**: when "every man would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the voice of birds, praising God in their kind" (*Stowe*).

V. iv. p. 170. **I would not for a cow, God save her!**—A proverbial rustic asseveration still current in the south of England.

V. iv. p. 171. **Clubs.**—"In any public affray, the cry was 'Clubs! clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (*Nares*). The London apprentices invariably used clubs as weapons.

V. iv. p. 171. **The Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse.**—The suggestion that these words allude to Puritan assemblies, as conjectured by Johnson and Steevens, is not supported by evidence. In all probability the phrases stand for bands of young ruffians who infested Tower Hill and Limehouse.

V. iv. p. 172. **Made a fine hand.**—Made a pretty business of things.

V. v. p. 176. **Make new nations.**—Probably an allusion to the colonisation of Virginia,—so named in honour of the virgin queen Elizabeth. The first settlement took place in 1607, and a constitution was granted in 1612.

A MAP

Showing the Scene of the Play

GLOSSARY

Abhor: protest strongly against; a technical term of canon law, Lat. '*detestor.*' II. iv. p. 88.
Aboded: foreboded. I. i. p. 32.
Admit: permit. IV. ii. p. 143.
Advertise: inform. II. iv. p. 93.
Advised: "be ——," reflect. I. i. p. 34.
After: afterwards. III. ii. p. 117.
Alike: to all equally. I. ii. p. 42.
Allay: quiet, restrain, silence. II. i. p. 69.
Allegiant: loyal. III. ii. p. 115.
Allowed: sanctioned, approved of. I. ii. p. 43.
Ambassador: the French ambassador at the English Court. I. i. p. 32. (*See* Notes.)
An: if. III. ii. p. 125.
Anon: at once. I. ii. p. 44.
Answer: "to his ——," to stand his trial. IV. ii. p. 138.
A pieces: in pieces. V. iv. p. 172.
Appliance: application. I. i. p. 34.
Approve: confirm. II. iii. p. 82.
Apt: ready. II. iv. p. 90.
Argue: discuss. II. i. p. 70.
Arrogancy: arrogance. II. iv. p. 90.
Asher House: Esher House, near Hampton Court. III. ii. p. 118. (*See* Notes.)
At: with. I. i. p. 154.
Attach: arrest. I. i. p. 38.
Attached: seized. I. i. p. 32.
Attainder: disgrace. II. i. p. 68.
Avaunt: "give her the ——," bid her begone." II. iii. p. 79.
Avoid: quit. V. i. p. 152.
Baiting: drinking deeply. V. iv. p. 172.
Banquet: "a running ——," hasty refreshment or dessert at the close of the entertainment. I. iv. p. 55; here jocularly applied to a whipping by the beadles, after three days' imprisonment. V. iv. p. 171.
Bar: hinder, prevent. III. ii. p. 107.
Beholding: beholden, indebted. I. iv. p. 57; IV. i. p. 130.
Beneficial: beneficent. I. i. p. 30.
Beshrew me: a mild oath. II. iii. p. 79.
Bevy: literally a flock of birds; here used figuratively for a company of beautiful women. I. iv. p. 54.
Blistered: slashed, and puffed out between the slashes. I. iii. p. 52.
Blow us: blow us up. V. iv. p. 171.
Bombards: large leathern jugs for holding liquor. V. iv. p. 172.
Book: book-learning. I. i. p. 33.
Bores: undermines. I. i. p. 34.
Bosom up: keep in mind. I. i. p. 33.
Bowed: bent (probably referring to the ratification of an agreement by attaching a bent coin). II. iii. p. 80.
Brake: thicket. I. ii. p. 43.
Brazier: used here with a play on the two meanings, (1) a worker in brass and (2) a portable fireplace. V. iv. p. 170.
Brethren: aldermen. V. v. p. 177.
Broken: interrupted. I. iv. p. 58.

Broken with: mentioned the matter to. V. i. p. 149.
Broomstaff: here used for 'within the length of a broomstick.' V. iv. p. 171.
Brought: escorted. IV. i. p. 134.
Buzzing: whisper. II. i. p. 69.
By day and night: an old form of oath. I. ii. p. 50. (*Cf. Hamlet*, I. v. p. 70.)
Camlet: a light woollen stuff, originally of camel's hair. V. iv. p. 173.
Capable of our flesh: readily susceptible to our human failings. V. iii. p. 160.
Cardinal virtues, but cardinal sins: a play on the double meaning of "cardinal" as 'chief' and as an ecclesiastical title. III. i. p. 101.
Carried: carried out. I. i. p. 32.
Caution: warning. II. iv. p. 93.
Censure: judgment, comparisons. I. i. p. 29.
Certain: certainly. II. iv. p. 88.
Certes: assuredly, certainly. II. iv. p. 29.
Chafed: angry, enraged. I. i. p. 33.
Challenge: (legally) to object or take exception to being tried by a certain person as judge or juror. II. iv. p. 88.
Chambers: small cannon. I. iv. p. 57. (*See* Notes.)
Cherubins: cherubs. I. i. p. 28.
Cheveril: kid-skin, *i.e.* pliable. II. iii. p. 80.
Chiding: noisy. III. ii. p. 116.
Chine: chine of beef, a favourite joint. V. iv. p. 170.
Choice: carefully chosen. I. ii. p. 47.
Churchman: ecclesiastic. I. iii. p. 53.
Cited: summoned to put in an appearance. IV. i. p. 131.
Clerks: clergy. II. ii. p. 75.
Clinquant: glittering, shining. I. i. p. 28.
Clotharius: a Merovingian king of France. I. iii. p. 51.
Coasts: feels his way, creeps along. III. ii. p. 108.
Colbrand: the Danish giant, who was slain by Guy, Earl of Warwick. V. iv. p. 170.
Colour: pretext. I. i. p. 36.
Come off: escape. III. ii. p. 107.
Commends: delivers. II. iii. p. 81.
Commissions: warrants. I. ii. p. 40.
Compel: take by force, seize. I. ii. p. 42.
Compelled: forced upon one. II. iii. p. 83.
Cómplete: accomplished. I. ii. p. 45.
Comptrollers: overseers of the entertainment. I. iii. p. 54.
Conceit: "fair ——," high opinion. II. iii. p. 82.
Conceive: think. I. ii. p. 44.
Conclave: "the holy ——," the College of Cardinals. II. ii. p. 75.
Confederacy: conspiracy. I. ii. p. 39.
Confident: "I am ——," I put my confidence in you. II. i. p. 69.
Conjunction: in astrology, a term signifying the state of being in apparent union. III. ii. p. 108.
Consistory: assemblage of Cardinals. II. iv. p. 89.
Contrary: contradictory. III. ii. p. 107.
Convented: convened. V. i. p. 150.
Cope: encounter. I. ii. p. 43.
Corner: "deserves a ——," needs to be told in secret. III. i. p. 98.
Count-cardinal: Wolsey, as Archbishop of York, was a Count-Palatine. I. i. p. 36.
Crab-tree: crab-appie tree. V. iv. p. 169.
Cried: proclaimed. I. i. p. 28.
Cross: thwarting. III. ii. p. 117.
Crying out: in labour. V. i. p. 150.
Cum privilegio: 'with exclusive right.' I. iii. p. 52.

Cure: charge ('cure of souls'). I. iv. p. 56.
Dear: dearly. II. ii. p. 76.
Deliver: speak, declare. II. ii. p. 46.
Demure: solemn. I. ii. p. 47.
Derived: "to him ——," drawn upon him. II. iv. p. 86.
Desperate: reckless. III. i. p. 101.
Difference: dispute, quarrel. I. i. p. 32.
Discerner: judge, critic. I. i. p. 29.
Discovers: reveals. V. iii. p. 163.
Displeasure: disgrace. III. ii. p. 126.
Disposed: applied, employed. I. ii. p. 45.
Distinctly: with due differentiation and attention to each item. I. i. p. 29.
Divorce: "the long —— of steel," the axe, the instrument severing the union of soul and body. II. i. p. 65.
Easy: "with —— roads," by easy stages. IV. ii. p. 138.
Ego et Rex meus: 'I and my King.' III. ii. p. 122. (*See* Notes.)
Emballing: investment with the ball, one of the insignia of royalty, used with the sceptre at a coronation. II. iii. p. 81.
Embracement: embrace. I. i. p. 26.
End: "the ——," at the bottom. II. i. p. 63.
Envious: malicious. II. i. p. 63.
Envy: hatred. II. i. p. 66; malice. III. i. p. 102.
Equal: equally. I. i. p. 35; impartial, equitable. II. ii. p. 76.
Estate: state. II. ii. p. 74.
Even: blameless, pure. III. i. p. 98.
Ever: "not ——," not always. V. i. p. 154.
Evils: privies. II. i. p. 65.
Examination: deposition. I. i. p. 33.
Exclamation: outcry. I. ii. p. 42.
Exhalation: meteor. III. ii. p. 118.
Fail: childlessness. I. ii. p. 46.
Failed: died. I. ii. p. 43.
Faints me: makes me faint. II. iii. p. 84.
Faith: good faith. II. i. p. 68.
Father: here used for 'father-in-law.' II. i. p. 63.
Fearful: afraid. V. i. p. 152.
Fellow: equal. I. iii. p. 52.
Fellows: companions, comrades. II. i. p. 65.
Fierce: immoderate. I. i. p. 30.
File: list. I. i. p. 31.
Filed with: kept pace with. III. ii. p. 115.
Fire-drake: fiery dragon, meteor. V. iv. p. 171.
Fit: "fit o' the face," grimace. I. iii. p. 50; suitable. II. ii. p. 76.
Flawed: broken. I. i. p. 32; damaged. I. ii. p. 40.
Flowing: plenteous. II. iii. p. 81.
Fool and feather: plumes were the characteristic ornament of the jester's cap (here an allusion to the French fashion of wearing plumes). I. iii. p. 51.
For: as for. II. ii. p. 72.
Force: urge. III. ii. p. 106.
Forged: framed. I. ii. p. 48.
Forty hours: used for 'an indefinite time.' III. ii. p. 119.
Forty pence: a common sum for a wager. II. iii. p. 88.
Frame: plan, devise. I. ii. p. 42.
Free: freely. II. i. p. 65.
Free of your report: innocent of the charge made against me. II. iv. p. 89.
French king's sister: the Queen of Navarre. II. ii. p. 72. (*See* Notes.)
Fret: rub away. III. ii. p. 111.
From: of. III. ii. p. 120.
Fullers: cloth cleaners. I. ii. p. 41.
Furnished: arranged. II. ii. p. 78.
Furniture: equipment. II. i. p. 66.

Gainsay: deny, contradict. II. iv. p. 89.
Galled: hurt, wounded. III. ii. p. 117.
Gamester: "a merry ——," a frolicsome fellow. I. iv. p. 57.
Gaping: bawling. V. iv. p. 169.
Gave: misgave. V. iii. p. 165.
Gav'st: didst impute to. III. ii. p. 120.
Gives: makes. III. ii. p. 106.
Gladded: gladdened. II. iv. p. 94.
Gladding: gladdening. V. i. p. 151.
Glistering: glistening. II. iii. p. 79.
Gloss: "painted ——," specious argument. V. iii. p. 163.
Go about: attempt. I. i. p. 34.
Going-out: expedition. I. i. p. 31.
Good: benefactor. IV. ii. p. 140.
Gossips: sponsors. V. v. p. 174.
Government: self-control. II. iv. p. 91.
Grief: grievance. I. ii. p. 42.
Grieve at: resent. II. i. p. 63.
Grosser: coarser. I. ii. p. 43.
Guarded: faced. Prologue p. 26.
Guy: Sir Guy of Warwick. V. iv. p. 170. (*See* 'Colbrand.')
Halidom: an oath (anything regarded as sacred). V. i. p. 153.
Hall: "the ——," Westminster Hall. II. i. p. 61.
Happiest: best disposed to apprehend, most intelligent. Prologue p. 26.
Happily: haply. IV. ii. p. 138.
Hardly: harshly. I. ii. p. 44.
Hard-ruled: hard to rule. III. ii. p. 111.
Have-at-him: assault, attack. II. ii. p. 75.
Have at you: the warning given in fencing, &c., before attacking. III. ii. p. 122.
Having: possession. II. iii. p. 79; III. ii. p. 114.
He: man. V. iii. p. 166.
Heart: "the best ——," the very core. I. ii. p. 39.
Hedges: goes by sideways. III. ii. p. 108.
Height: "to the ——," in the highest degree. I. ii. p. 50.
Held: considered. I. iii. p. 52; "it —— not," it was false. II. i. p. 69.
His: its. I. i. p. 29.
Hulling: tossing to and fro. II. iv. p. 94.
Husband: manager. III. ii. p. 114.
In: about. II. iv. p. 89.
Ill: vicious. IV. ii. p. 139.
Incensed: informed. V. i. p. 149.
Indifferent: impartial. II. iv. p. 86.
Indurance: durance, confinement. V. i. p. 153.
Innumerable substance: untold riches. III. ii. p. 123.
In open: in public. III. ii. p. 127.
Interpreters: "sick ——," prejudiced critics. I. ii. p. 43.
Ipswich: Wolsey's birthplace. I. i. p. 34.
Issues: sons. III. ii. p. 121.
Item: further. III. ii. p. 122.
Its: its own. I. i. p. 28.
Jaded: treated like jades, befooled. III. ii. p. 120.
Justify: vindicate. I. ii. p. 39.
Keech: the spare fat of an animal rolled up by a butcher for the tallow merchant, hence a common name for a butcher; here used in contemptuous allusion to Wolsey's parentage. I. i. p. 30.
Kimbolton: the castle of that name in Huntingdonshire. IV. i. p. 131.
Knock it: beat time. I. iv. p. 61.
Lag: long-delayed. I. iii. p. 52.
Large commission: a warrant with full powers. III. ii. p. 122.
Late marriage: the marriage till lately held to be valid. IV. i. p. 131.
Lay: lodged, resided, dwelt. IV. i. p. 131.
Lay by the heels: put in the stocks. V. iv. p. 172.

Lay upon: bring against. III. ii. p. 120.
Learnedly: with the learning of a lawyer. II. i. p. 68.
Leave: cease, leave off. IV. ii. p. 142.
Legatine: pertaining to a legate. III. ii. p. 123.
Let him be: even if he is. IV. ii. p. 145.
Level: aim. I. ii. p. 89.
Like it: may it please. I. i. p. 32.
Limbo Patrum: prison. In scholastic theology, the edge or utmost limit of Hell; the abode of the patriarchs and saints who died before the coming of Jesus Christ. V. iv. p. 171.
Line: equator. V. iv. p. 171.
List: pleases, chooses. II. ii. p. 71.
Little: "in a ——," in brief. II. i. p. 62.
Longing: belonging. I. ii. p. 41.
Look for: expect. V. iv. p. 169.
Loose: free-spoken, unguarded in speech. II. i. p. 67.
Lop: the smaller boughs and twigs of trees cut off for firewood. I. ii. p. 44.
Lose: forget. II. i. p. 64.
Maiden: mateless. V. v. p. 175.
Maidenhead: maidenhood, virginity. II. iii. p. 79.
Main: general. IV. i. p. 131.
Makings: "royal ——," ornaments befitting exalted position. IV. i. p. 135.
Manage: control. V. iii. p. 161.
Mark: an English coin, value 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling. V. i. p. 156.
Marshalsea: the prison in Southwark, afterwards used as a debtors' prison. V. iv. p. 173.
May: can. I. ii. p. 49.
Mazed: confusing, bewild ring. II. iv. p. 93.
Mean: means. V. iii. p. 167.
Measure: a slow and stately dance. I. iv. p. 61.
Memorized: made memorable. III. ii. p. 108.
Mere: absolute. III. ii. p. 123.
Mincing: affectation. II. iii. p. 80.
Minds: "their royal ——," their loyalty to the king. IV. i. p. 130.
Mistaken: misjudged, misconstrued. I. i. p. 37.
Mistakes: misunderstands. III. i. p. 101.
Model: image. IV. ii. p. 144.
Modest: moderate. V. iii. p. 163.
Modesty: moderation. IV. ii. p. 140.
Moe: more. III. ii. p. 109.
Montacute: Henry Pole, Lord Montacute. I. i. p. 38.
Moorfields: the fields, north of the City, where the trainbands were exercised. V. iv. p. 170.
More: better. II. i. p. 65.
Motions: motives. I. i. p. 35.
Motley: patched and particoloured. Prologue p. 26.
Mounting: lifting. I. ii. p. 49.
Moved you: spoke about the matter. II. iv. p. 94.
Music: musicians. IV. ii. p. 142.
Mysteries: fantastic fashions. I. iii. p. 50.
Naughty: wicked, corrupt. V. i. p. 154.
New-trimmed: newly fitted up. I. ii. p. 43.
Noble jury: jury of peers. III. ii. p. 120. (*Cf.* "Noble one," III. ii. p. 67.)
Not consulting: spontaneously. I. i. p. 32.
Not ever: not always. V. i. p. 154.
Note: notice. I. i. p. 30; information. I. ii. p. 42.
O': off from. V. iv. p. 173.
Objections: charges, accusations. III. ii. p. 122.
Offer: favourable opportunity. III. ii. p. 106.
Office: officers, officials. I. i. p. 29.
Omit: neglect. III. ii. p. 106.
Once: 'in a word, once for all.' I. ii. p. 43.
Only dying: dying alone. II. i. p. 65.

Open: "in ——," in public. III. ii. p. 127.
Opinion: reputation. Prologue p. 26. (*See* Notes.)
Opposing: exposing. IV. i. p. 134.
Other: otherwise. I. iii. p. 53.
Out: here used, idiomatically, to signify 'at an end.' III. ii. p. 107.
Out of: except. III. ii. p. 106.
Outgo: surpass. I. ii. p. 50.
Outspeaks: expresses something beyond (the possessions proper to a subject). III. ii. p. 113.
Outworths: exceeds in worth or value. I. i. p. 33.
Pain: pains (here used as the French *peine* = trouble). III. ii. p. 109.
Pales: palings, fence. V. iv. p. 173.
Panging: causing great pain. II. iii. p. 79.
Paragoned: cited as a model or *paragon*. II. iv. p. 95.
Parcels: items. III. ii. p. 118.
Pared: diminished. III. ii. p. 114.
Paris-garden: a popular resort on the Bankside, Southwark, famous for its bear-garden. V. iv. p. 169.
Part: in some measure. III. i. p. 98; go. III. i. p. 101.
Part of: partly. III. i. p. 98.
Parted: went away, departed. IV. i. p. 135; shared. V. ii. p. 159
Particular: own. II. iii. p. 53.
Pass: prevail. V. iii. p. 162.
Paul's: St. Paul's Church. V. iv. p. 169.
Pepin: a Carlovingian king of France. I. iii. p. 51.
Period: end to be attained. I. iii. p. 50.
Perked up: dressed up, adorned. II. iii. p. 79.
Perniciously: maliciously, in a destructive manner. II. i. p. 64.
Phœnix: the sexless Arabian bird of which only one was said to exist at a time. It was fabled to perish on a nest of spices fired by the sun, and to rise anew from its own ashes. Here referred to as the prototype of the Virgin Queen who, dying without issue, appointed her successor. V. v. p. 175.
Pick: pitch, throw. V. iv. p. 173.
Piece: creation. V. v. p. 175.
Pink'd: pierced with holes. V. iv. p. 171.
Pitch: height. II. ii. p. 72.
Pity: cause for pity. II. iii. p. 79.
Place: "this ——," the seat of honour. I. iv. p. 59.
Plain-song: simple melody without variations. I. iii. p. 52.
Play: "make my ——," win my game. I. iv. p. 57.
Pleasant: facetious. II. iii. p. 83.
Pluck off a little: reduce the rank, *i.e.* from a duchess to a countess. II. iii. p. 80.
Porringer: a cap shaped like a porringer. V. iv. p. 171. (*See* '*Taming of the Shrew*,' IV. iii. p. 114.)
Powers: peers. II. iv. p. 90.
Practice: plot. I. i. p. 37.
Præmunire: a writ prohibiting the introduction of a foreign authority into England. III. ii. p. 123.
Preferred: promoted. IV. i. p. 136.
Presence: presence-chamber. III. i. p. 97; king's presence. IV. ii. p. 139.
Present: immediate. I. ii. p. 50; "at this ——," now. V. iii. p. 160.
Press: crowd. V. iv. p. 173.
Pride: costly dress. I. i. p. 28.
Primer: more urgent. I. ii. p. 43.
Primero: a game of cards. V. i. p. 147.

Private: by himself. II. ii. p. 70.
Privily: secretly. I. i. p. 36.
Privity: knowledge. I. i. p. 31.
Proper: fine (used ironically). I. i. p. 32.
Put off: dismissed. I. ii. p. 41; discard. II. iv. p. 86.
Putter on: inciter, instigator. I. ii. p. 41.
Quality: nature. I. ii. p. 43.
Quarrel: quarreller. II. iii. p. 79.
Queen it: play the part of queen. II. iii. p. 80.
Raised head: levied an armed force. II. i. p. 67.
Range: rank. II. iii. p. 79.
Rankness: excess. IV. i. p. 134.
Rate: "at such proud ——," of such great value. III. ii. p. 113.
Receipt: reception. II. ii. p. 78.
Repeat: state, declare. I. ii. p. 40.
Require: entreat. II. iv. p. 92.
Respect: "dear ——," profound regard. V. iii. p. 166.
Rub: check, obstacle. II. i. p. 58.
Run in: "is ——," has run into. I. ii. p. 45.
Saba: the Queen of Sheba. V. v. p. 175.
Sacring bell: a bell rung at Mass at the consecration and elevation of the Host, also when borne in procession. III. ii. p. 121.
Sad: serious. Prologue p. 26.
Salute: exhilarate. II. iii. p. 84.
Saying: with all due respect to. II. iii. p. 80.
Saw: met. I. i. p. 27; hath seen. V. ii. p. 158.
Sectary: sectarian, dissenter. V. iii. p. 163.
Seeming: appearance. II. iv. p. 90.
Self-drawing: drawn from itself. I. i. p. 30.
Self-mettle: his own high spirits. I. i. p. 34.
Set: seated. III. i. p. 100.
Set on: go forward. II. iv. p. 96.
Shot: "loose ——," irregular marksmen. V. iv. p. 171.
Shrewd: knowing. I. iii. p. 50; mischievous, ill-natured. V. iii. p. 168.
Shrouds: sail ropes. IV. i. p. 135.
Sick: prejudiced. I. ii. p. 43; consumed with pride. II. ii. p. 74; feeble. III. i. p. 102.
Sign: indicate, display. II. iv. p. 90.
Simony: the crime of trading church preferments. IV. ii. p. 139.
Sincere: pure. I. i. p. 35.
Single: sincere. V. iii. p. 161.
Slept upon: been blind to the faults of. II. ii. p. 72.
Slightly: lightly, smoothly. II. iv. p. 90.
Solicited: moved, stirred. I. ii. p. 40.
Something: somewhat. I. i. p. 37.
Sometimes: at one time. II. iv. p. 93.
Sought: gave occasion for. V. ii. p. 158.
Sound: proclaim. V. ii. p. 158.
Sounder: more loyal. III. ii. p. 120.
Spaniard: Spanish court. II. ii. p. 75.
Spanned: measured. I. i. p. 39.
Sparing: parsimony, stinginess. I. iii. p. 53.
Spavin: a bone or blood swelling in horses' legs causing lameness. I. iii. p. 51.
Spinsters: spinners. I. ii. p. 41.
Spleeny: headstrong. III. ii. p. 111.
Springhalt: a disease causing a horse to jerk up its hind leg or legs. I. iii. p. 51.
Stand on: rely upon. V. i. p. 153.
State: throne. I. i. p. 40 (Stage direction); canopy. I. iv. p. 54 (Stage direction).

Staying: waiting. IV. ii. p. 143.
Stifled: (trisyllabic.) IV. i. p. 134.
Stirs: strives. V. iii. p. 161.
Stomach: arrogance. IV. ii. p. 139.
Stood to: sided with. II. iv. p. 89.
Strains: clasps, embraces. IV. i. p. 133.
Stranger: "a ——," an alien. II. iii. p. 79.
Strove: striven. II. iv. p. 86.
Suddenly: without loss of time. V. iv. p. 172.
Suggestion: crafty devices, underhand practices. IV. ii. p. 139.
Suggests: incites. I. i. p. 35.
Tainted: disgraced, dishonoured. IV. ii. p. 138.
Take: make. II. i. p. 66.
Temperance: self-restraint. I. i. p. 34.
Tendance: attention. III. ii. p. 114.
Tender: regard. II. iv. p. 90.
That: so that. I. i. p. 28.
Thrift: gain. III. ii. p. 112.
Tied: brought into bondage. IV. ii. p. 139.
Time: present state of affairs. V. i. p. 149.
To: against. III. ii. p. 111.
Top-proud: proud in the highest degree. I. i. p. 35.
Touch: hint. V. i. p. 148.
Trace: follow. III. ii. p. 108.
Tract: course. I. i. p. 29.
Trembling: such as might well cause trembling. I. ii. p. 44.
Truncheoners: men armed with clubs. V. iv. p. 171.
Truth: fidelity. III. ii. p. 128.
Twenty: 'women' is here understood. I. iv. p. 56.
Types: distinguishing marks. I. iii. p. 52.
Undertakes: takes charge of. II. i. p. 66.
Unhappily: mischievously, unfavourably. I. iv. p. 60.
Unpartial: impartial. II. ii. p. 76.
Unwittingly: inadvertently. III. ii. p. 113.
Use: "make ——," take the opportunity. III. ii. p. 127.
Used: behaved. III. ii. p. 105.
Vacant: wanting, empty. V. i. p. 154.
Values not: is not worth. I. i. p. 81.
Verdict: "due o' the ——," right verdict. V. i. p. 154.
Very: mere. II. iii. p. 83.
Virtue: "by that ——," in virtue of that position. V. iii. p. 162.
Voice: judgment. I. ii. p. 43; rumour, report. IV. ii. p. 138.
Voices: "have their free ——," have the right of free speech. II. ii. p. 75.
Vouch: attestation, testimony. I. i. p. 35.
Was too far: went beyond the limits of propriety. III. i. p. 100.
Way: scope, opportunity. III. ii. p. 106; "of mine own ——," of my religious opinions. V. i. p. 148.
Ween you of: do you expect. V. i. p. 154.
Weigh: regard. V. i. p. 154.
Weigh out: outweigh, counterbalance. III. i. p. 101.
Whiles: while. V. i. p. 154.
Whoever: whomsoever. II. i. p. 64.
Willed: desired, instructed. III. i. p. 97.
Wit: intelligence. II. iv. p. 87.
Witness: evidence, testimony. V. i. p. 154.
Work: fortification. V. iv. p. 171.
Working: moving. Prologue p. 26.
Worn out: outlasted. I. iii. p. 51.
Worship: "belong to ——," am of the nobility. I. i. p. 29.
Yet: even now. II. iv. p. 94.
You: yourself. I. iv. p. 55.

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